THE MOTHER OF VOICES

VOLUME ONE 25¢ ISSUE SIX

LETTERS...

Dear MOV,

I hope no one is really swallowing that horse manure about earth mother fertility that Janet C. is trying to spread around. Mama Nature would be the first to raise her voice in joy if Papa Reason ever succeeded in blowing the green grass and love's body into ashy asteroids. Organic life, every single instance of creative rebirth, isn't nature's idea; only the other half of the cycle, dissolution and death, is. Her rocky hide doesn't willingly give birth to anything, and she prefers the lunar surface to the terrestial. Death is a natural predictable process, but birth is a creative act completely upsetting the inanimate motherly stasis.

Rational generalizations may be false to life, but when they are, then they are true to nature. Any truce with nature in the form of an awareness and acceptance of her apparent power to create loving and infinitely fertile games of life (an usurping claim), would reduce the player to her one true static and sterile activity, the serious, abstracted, ideal game of suicide. Rational society has always been a most willing student of this war game, and today we are more oppressed and familiar with his versions of it, but we need not trade the consort for the master.

Our only escape from these partners of destruction is to have evolutionary preferences for physical, emotional, and rational games closer to the imaginative vision of creative fertility we find in art, the mother of voices. With such an ideal these game choices can never be defined, but they can be clarified and made. Doing your thing in this way means actively playing to create a thing of life, not passively playing to be absorbed in a thing of death.

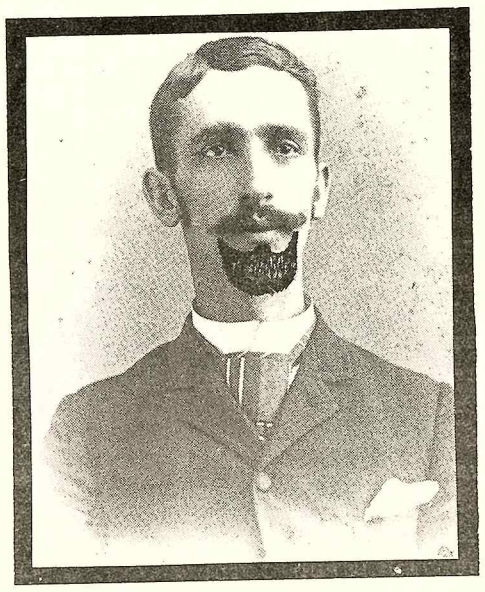
Yours,

Seth Kellogg

In reply:

Mr. Kellogg and I have had this discussion before. I repeat: life and death are part of the same ongoing process; reason and emotion are indivisible aspects of a unified psyche; and the earth-goddess and her consort are partners, not rivals, in the creative process. Though Mr. Kellogg does not say so, he implies that the "creative act" of birth is sparked by the Christian God. Even so, nature is the substance, refuge and nourishment of living creatures. And she is also the stuff of "imaginative vision" that "we find in art." In short, no conflict between nature (the earth goddess) and divinity (the male God) exists. They are damned good friends. It's just that in our super-rational patriarchal modern world, she's gotten bombed, napalmed, IBM'd and ghettoed out of existence. Reason plays ruff.

Janet Clark



STEVE KRINSKY-PRODUCTION EDITOR

Dear Mother,

Here I stand in a world of change and unrest. My schoolwork, draft board, parents, teachers, and friends have a tendency to hang me up and drag me down. I can and can't, should and shouldn't do this and that for reasons both vague and unstable. To quote the Beatles, "You're holding me down, you're turning me round filling me up with your rules."

Who can I turn to, Mother? You can't exempt me from the draft or sugar-coat life's unpleasant medicines. You do, however, serve a very satisfying purpose. You allow hung-up individuals like myself to express our gripes in our own preferred language to be accepted or rejected by our comrades. That, Mother, is a truly functional position in this world--to be a safety valve releasing our (and your) pent-up pressures in black and white.

Your very existence, though, is endangered by those who seem to feel that certain words can not possibly be used to express the thoughts of a "proper" member of society. What do big brother and the gang want? Isn't censorship of this sort a form of escape from reality which we constantly hear condemned by the Establishment? I personally feel that any one who is offended by anything I say is perfectly free not to listen to or read my words.

Please, world, don't kill our Mother!

Xerxes

Dear Augie,

I found your editorial of January 4, in which you defended the paper's policy of agitation and attacked the status quo, mildly offensive.

At the moment I can think of nothing derogotory to say about love and beauty, and I find political muckraking much more amusing than mere political criticism. However, when from your ivory tower you degrade the society for not living up to standards of your own making, I must take issue.

I am a conservative. To me, change is often unpleasant (sometimes even traumatic). As a conservative, words like capitulation, reconciliation, vested interest and hypocrisy are close to my heart when used in relation to self-interest. You call me a eunuch. I prefer to think of myself as a pragmatist.

In return, as you suggested, I call you naive. Do you seriously propose to help me find "THE REAL NATURE OF THINGS" and "TRUTH?"

Truth is at best elusive and at worst repulsive; while perfume smells better than perspiration.

Uncle of Silence

As a pragmatist, you should realize that silence can only be practical in a monastery. --Augie

Dear Mother,

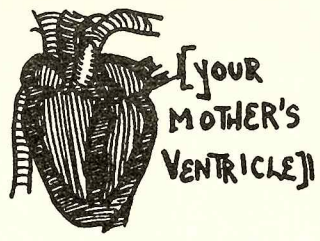
You sound as if you're in bad shape. Naturally I'm worried sick. I wish there were something I could say that might make things easier for you to bear. OH! I know. How about that yet-still apropos, proverb: "where there's smoke... there's always a silver lining." Doesn't that just lift your spirits...to the peak of the peaks??? Now, Mother, I want you to listen very carefully to my advice. I want you to go down... Forget it! If you're not going to listen, I certainly am not going to waste my breath preaching... All I'll say is, here is $3.50. (you should be able to buy at least one hearty satisfying meal with it.) I am sending a blanket in the next mail. Hopefully things will be looking up in the near future. If not, you always know where you can get hold of me, I haven't been doing much traveling lately (they've put new bars in my bedroom window.) so you don't have to worry about me not being here. I want you to promise to come call or write... if you ever need any help. I mean, what are children for if not to help their poor, starving, underclothed mothers. It looks as if I have to close. The warden is knocking on my door. Time for my afternoon exercise period. I am sure that I'll be seeing you before too long. Until such time, my words of wisdom:

Keep the baby faith

Love and Kisses,

Rebecca

& NOTICES



News on Mother's benefit: a 3-day weekend series of events, including light shows, concerts, plays, frolics, sporting events, dances, civil service exams, and naked women. But we still need a large hall. The men's room at Smith just won't do.

One of our street sellers made $100 in three days. Wouldn't you like enough money to buy some real smut? Many locations still open. Apply at Mother's.

Mother invites everyone to join in the production of Western New England's only free newspaper(us). We need writers, layout people, business managers, typists, and artists. PLEASE- if you submit material it should be typed, double-spaced, at sixty(60) characters per line. If you wish your material returned, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Presidential candidate Dick Gregory is scheduled for a short visit to the Connecticut Valley. Mother extends her utmost.

PHOTOS by GABRIEL COONEY
COVER by G.N. GILES

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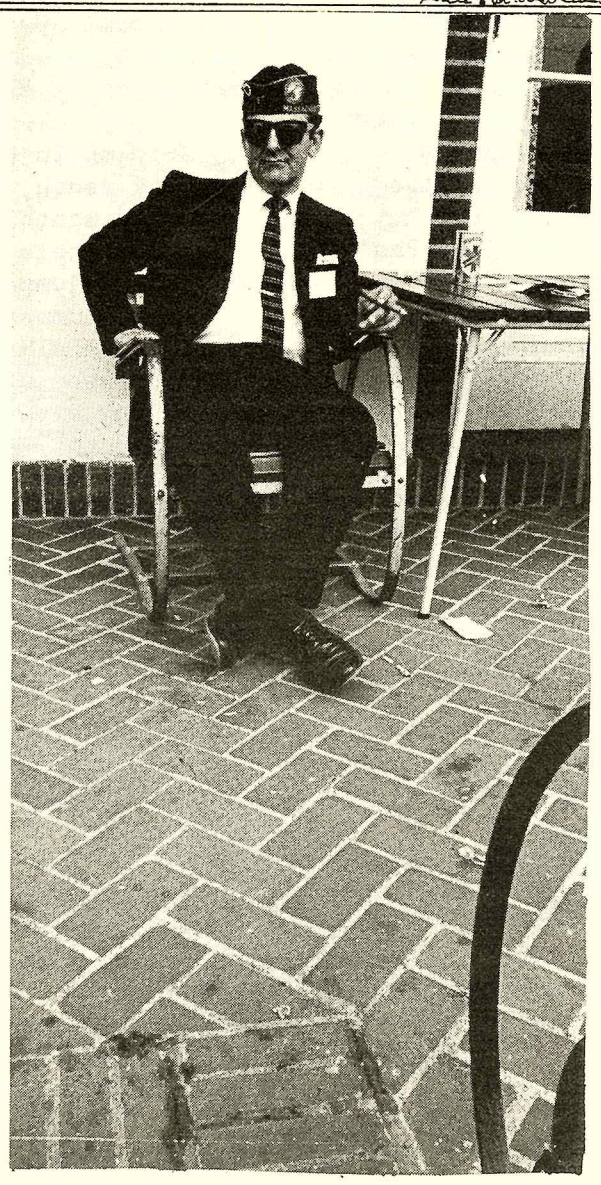
WHY WE MUST LOSE THE WAR

Before you burn your issue of MOV let me state that the substance of this article does in no way impugn the honorable great cliche that we must "support our boys in Vietnam." One should support the "boys" (i.e. those who have decided that they will "kill for peace") as long as they are there. Thus, they should have good equipment and a clean change of underwear every day.

However, our support should include the position that if we are losing the war, it does not necessarily mean that the United States' military establishment should fight to the last man. Moreover, in our unquestioning support for our troops there doesn't seem to be any reason to believe that (1), as stated by U Thant, if we cease the bombing unconditionally for at least a month there will not be negotiations, or (2) that the enemy will pick our "boys" off one by one as they pack up their gear, and withdraw unilaterally. Losing the war does not mean that the US must drag the mess out until the very end. It does mean withdrawing from Vietnam either expeditiously or precipitously within the next couple of years, and as far as I am concerned, since I love the life of my brothers, the sooner the better.

Losing the war does mean that there is little likelihood that Uncle Sam can leave any sort of occupation force, advisors, AID men, or other "pacification" experts. Thus America will have to ask itself the very superficial but nonetheless painful question, "what did we gain?" Ancillary and hysterical tyrades will be hurled with the usual political and legalistic euphemisms. "Either we will have to contain communists elsewhere," or, "who will have trust in our commitments," will be on the tongues of every patriot in the land. My fellow Americans will have to confront themselves with the fact that seventeen-year-old Vietnamese nationalists, regardless of how naive they may be, refused to be colonized by American power. If we gain anything it will not be the sort of thing that can be measured, tallied, or processed into a machine; it will be that flossy billowy untouchable ethereal bosom-warming notion of humility. A national humility if it is at all conceivable, must contain not only some idea of how a nation may prosper or be healthy--it is embarrassing to say such a thing in our non-normative, technocratic age--but also some idea of how a nation may be good. But we shall come back to this notion later. Let us return to the impact of withdrawal.

No doubt if the US must leave it will signify the end of the Saigon regime--which is no loss to the Vietnamese--and the burden of rebuilding Vietnam will fall on Vietnamese nationalists, and financially on the Russians. The Russians are providing considerably more resources for this war than the Chinese and there is little reason to expect that the Chinese will usurp the Russian practice. In fact, I have no doubt that the US will find this to her own advantage. The financial burden will not be ours abroad, and hopefully the US will "occupy" the US and rebuild "it." With a dominant Russian influence in Vietnam the Vietnamese will be able to maintain their traditional independence from Chinese power, thus depriving China of the security of a buffer state. Even a hawk should savor such a delectable occurrence as this. Mind you I am still looking at the situation from a real politik



(realist's) point of view.

If and when we lose in Vietnam the clamor and cry against the vulgar presence of American warriors will most likely subside in Asia. I expect that the US will retreat to the sanctuary of Thailand in order to build upon its already established base. Militarily this seems to make immensely more sense than occupying either Vietnam, Laos or Cambodia, which are the gateway to nowhere. If the American "boys" can somehow be kept from prostituting, corrupting and tearing assunder Thai women, Thai culture and the Thai economy, then it is possible for the US to hold, with the permission of a legitimate and traditional government, one of the most strategic points in Asia. Thus it appears that even with a slight bit of ingenuity the State Department can profit from a lost cause.

Inflamed, are you? Consider what it would mean for the United States not to lose, but rather to perpetuate the barbaric stalemate. First of all there is the inevitable and continual death and destruction. What is gained? If China is your goal, where is your secure base on her southern flank? Moreover all American positions will be challenged because the war, and thus the Americans, are an abomination. Hence it appears that the absence of war and an active war machine lend themselves to the stability of Asian strategic bases.

Losing needn't be so bad. Are there not aspects of the current struggle which may have an even greater impact on American civilization? If we win and mold Saigon in our own vulgar image then god help us because our children will be taught that it was all worth it. Every guy who cut off the ear of a dead Asian, every guy who beat in the brains of a prisoner, every guy who burned down a village, every guy who poured phosphorous and flaming gas on the flesh of infants, every guy who dropped a CBU, every guy who managed the news, every guy who supported this atrocity--all of these "boys" will say, "see what they have now, it's as good as the states--it was worth it." Men will be able to rationalize away their nightmares until they convince themselves that what they had done was ultimately virtuous. In this hideous way international affairs will have corrupted and dehumanized us. The only virtue left us would be virtue without the "E." Thus my earlier prescription, retreating to Thailand, may be the best alternative among a multitude of evils.

Because of the horror of international affairs today, as the mightiest nation in the world we can hardly distinguish between our national and our international problems. They are so intrinsically combined that the Utopia we seek for ourselves depends on the conditions abroad. It is hard to believe that this nation can tolerate ambiguity (except for what obviously belongs to the Soviets). This overwhelming desire to maintain bipolarism on the one hand and to preserve international supremacy on the other has in fact made our national leaders more concerned with stability abroad than the good society at home. Not since the Civil War has this problem of the "great society" and national cohesion been so evident. If we stay in Vietnam much longer and also continue our expansionist policies elsewhere we will destroy ourselves. Wouldn't you like to lose the war?

--Jeff Margolis

PROTEST AND RESISTANCE

The motto of the October 21st demonstration in Washington and of those in New York on the 4th through 6th of December indicated a change in approach to "Resistance" from a previous stature of disagreement or dissent vis a vis the American genocidal barbarism in Vietnam. What I would like to discuss here is the nature of this resistance; but before going into it, there are a few (more philosophical) remarks which ought to be made.

Melville's Moby Dick, as W.H. Auden has pointed out, is really a vast synecdoche: it takes a particular way of life--whaling--and makes it a case of any man's life in general. Thus: Whalers kill for their living; so (in some way) must we all. The owners of the Pequod are Quakers-- they profess the doctrine of non-violence--yet they see no incongruity "So always in every life, except that of the saint or the villain, there is a vast difference between what a man professes and how he acts." We might say that these "saints" of Auden's are of three types: the Prelapsarian savage (Queequeg), the innocent sailor (Billy Budd), or the child of Wordsworth's Immortality Ode, whose heart is good though he neither understands nor keeps the moral law of the Pharisee.

While it would be nice and neat to see the whole Peace Movement and the Draft Resisters as saints, I would put them into different class. Though I must admit that I can most easily phrase it in terms of a theological metaphor: if we see our government in a sort of fallen state, then we are abandoning the rationalistic optimism which attributes evil to mental ignorance curable by education, and reasserting the fallen nature of man. We are, in fact, adopting Captain Ahab's attitude of defiance till death.

This is, in fact, the pose which very many of us occupy right now; it is the attitude behind "Hell no! We won't go!" The only way of dealing with an evil dominion is to deny it utterly. Yet I cannot help but feel that too many young men have not thought the way through. They are more innocent than saints; and their lot--like Billy Budd's--will be to be crucified symbolically by incarceration for long periods. (I foresee, as does Noam Chomsky, greater repression of dissenters and protesters during the coming months.)

May I point out here that (1) I am under 35, and therefore still subject to the Selective Service System and the whim of General Hershey; (2) I followed Jean-Paul Sartre's dictum that on the day the U.S. bombed Hanoi, the only place for an American was in jail by getting arrested in December, 1966 (with A.J. Muste and 65 others) in front of the Induction Center on Whitehall St. in N.Y. I feel most strongly that only with such bona fides can anyone speak about resistance.

The earliest instance of draft refusal I know of occurred on 12 March 295 in the town of Thevesta in North Africa. At that time the conscript Maximilianus was put to the sword for refusing to enter military service. A little later, in our history, Philip Ford was tried before Sir Thomas Davies in London in 1678 for not appearing to serve in the London watch on 22 occasions; he was fined 13 shillings fourpence for each non-appearance. Both of these men refused induction for religious reasons. Today we are confronted by a vast military-political complex which has embarked upon a course of incredible misanthropy and evil. No matter what one's ethical attitude, it is hard to view the Vietnam horror with anything but distaste.

Surely no reader of this essay thinks that our government is bringing peace or justice or truth or democracy to South East Asia. But I am not concerned with deploying my forces against the U.S. posture in Vietnam. What I am concerned with is the young man confronted by the draft.

Here there are a number of moral problems--and problems of sincerity. Several of my friends have taken what seems to be the easy way out: emigration. But this is NOT easy. It means severing one's ties with one's family, with one's friends, with one's home. If most legal opinions are correct, the American male between 18 and 35 who takes foreign citizenship before serving under the Selective Service Act will never again be able to enter the U.S., he will not be able to "come home for the weekend," or visit his girlfriend, or go to a friend's wedding.

On the other hand, it is equally difficult to recommend a possible five years in a federal prison to someone (the current maximum for offenses against the Selective Service System).

There arises the question of just what forms of resistance, if any, are open. And here the answers are very clearcut. Whether you are a pacifist or not, whether you are non-violent or not, unless you get a CO classification, there is no way to resist that does not lead to violation of federal law; and if you are prepared to resist, you must be prepared to go to jail, or to flee the country, or to go "underground."

As Auden said, "there is a vast difference between what a man professes and how he acts," and I offer this to young men who are against the War and the Draft, yet cannot bring themselves to give up med-school or a law practice.

I presume that this article falls under the "otherwise" of Appendix 462 (a), and is therefore felonious.

--Peter H. Salus

MOTHER OF VOICES

In preparation for this summer's political conventions a group of twenty-five writers, artists, and musicians have joined in the formation of the Youth International Party (YIP). The Party's first convention will be in Chicago this August, coinciding with the Democratic Party convention. Below will be found an invitation from YIP to all of you to attend; why not go as a delegate from the State of Mind?

Join us in Chicago in August for an international festival of youth, music, and theatre. Rise up and abandon the creeping meatball!! Come all you rebels, youth spirits, rock minstrels, truth-seekers, peacock-freaks, poets, barricade-jumpers, dancers, lovers, and artists!

It is summer. It is the last week in August, and the NATIONAL DEATH PARTY meets to bless Lyndon Johnson. We are there! There are 500,000 of us dancing in the streets, throbbing with amplifiers and harmony. We are making love in the parks. We are reading, singing, laughing, printing newspapers, groping, and making a mock convention, and celebrating the birth of FREE AMERICA in our own time.

A new spirit explodes in the land. Things are bursting in music, poetry, dancing, newspapers, movies, celebration, magic, politics, theatre, and lifestyles.All these new tribes will gather in Chicago. We will be completely open. Everything will be free. Bring, blankets, tents, draft-cards, body-paint, Mr. Leary's Cow, food to share, music, eager skin, and happiness. The threats of LBJ, Mayor Daley, and J. Edgar Freako will not stop us. We are coming! We are coming from all over the world!

The life of the American spirit is being torn asunder by the forces of violence, decay, and the napalm-cancer fiend. We demands the Politics of Ecstasy! We are the delicate spores of the new fierceness that will change America. We will create our own reality, we are Free America! And we will not accept the false theatre of the Death Convention.

We will be in Chicago. Begin preparations now! Chicago is yours! Do it!

Stu Albert
Elliot Binder
Marshall Bloom
Bread and Puppet Theatre
Len Chandler
Shirley Clarke
Country Joe and the Fish
Bob Fass
The Fugs
Barbara Garson
Marvin Garson
Peter Gessner
Allen Ginsberg
Walter Gundy
Arlo Guthrie
Abbe Hoffman
Allen Katzman
Paul Krassner
Sharon Krebs
Keith Lampe
Raymond Mungo
Tom Neuman
Phil Ochs
Bob Ockene
Sue Orrin
The Pageant Players
Jerry Rubin

BLIND TO EVERYTHING

The mission flyer loaded with
atoms in a compact package tied
Pulls the cold switch
and lets it unhitch through the sky
And after it drops screaming
he flies away
Mind rearranged like paper-mache
Feeling no pain under merciless strain
while those down below
feel the blow and are torn apart
Bleeding survivors dragging away
loved ones in a cart
Never to recover from death blow
in their hearts
But what does he know and see
of the nuclear ring under his wings
when he's
Blind to everything.

Larry Trillo

TO HELL WITH PROTEST

To protest is to speak out against. To let it be known that you do not like a certain action of another.

To protest is an act of intellectual commitment. It is to say, "Sir, I protest" when you are slapped in the face....

To protest is to play a game. You go to a demonstration, listen to speeches, wave signs, and go home to see if you got on television.

There are many toys in the game of protest.

There is the picket line. Originally a picket line was formed by striking workers to keep strike-breakers out. If anyone tried to cross that picket line, the strikers tried to kill him. Today you get a permit from the police to protest.

There is no protest if permission must be sought and rules abided by. We have allowed the form that our protest takes to be defined for us by those whom we protest against. Thus our protest is drained of its power because we do not have the power to make our protest effective.

We think the war in Viet Nam is being waged only against the Vietnamese, but we are its victims, too. It *is our own deaths we protest*, but we haven't realized it. It is not a war against "the Vietnamese people." It is a war against us and the little humanity we have remaining. Too little humanity we have remaining. Too little humanity because we are no longer outraged at what is being done to us.

If we were, we would resist.

To resist is to say, NO! without qualification or explanation.

To resist is not only to say I won't go. It is to say, I'll make sure nobody else goes, either.

To resist is to pit Life as you define it against Life as they define it and to do all that is necessary to see that their definition is destroyed in all its parts.

To resist is to not go to jail when sentenced, but only when caught and surrounded and there is no choice but death.

To resist is to make the President afraid to leave the White House because he will be spat upon wherever he goes to tell his lies, because his limousine will find the street filled with tacks and thousands of people who will surge around it, smashing the windows and rocking the car until it is turned on its side.

Have we forgotten? THE MAN IS A MURDERER.

It is us he is killing.

To resist is to realize that your own life is at stake at this very moment.

To resist is to become alive, truly alive for the first time. It is to say not only will I not accept what you are doing, I will stop you from doing it. No one shall sleep peacefully again until you cease, desist and abdicate.

To resist is to say if the parents of Viet Nam weep for their children, then the parents of America shall weep for theirs.

If the people of Viet Nam are unable to harvest the crop without fear, to live their lives without being shrouded by the shadow of death, then no American shall harves his crop without fear, no American shall live outside the shadow of death.

To protest is to dislike the inhumanity of another.

To resist is to stop inhumanity and affirm your own humanity.

One does not protest murder.

One apprehends the murderer and deals with him accordingly.

Julius Lester
(LNS)

U.S. Sponsored Justice: South Vietnamese General executes South Vietnamese patriot. (Wide World Photos)

BOSTON (LNS) "This war is the last gasp of a dying economic society." That's what Howard Marston, Sr., had to say as his son, Howard, Jr., was refusing for the second time to be inducted into the US army. Outside th the Army Base, 150 demonstrators marched January 19 in support of Marston and another resister, Corey Brown.

The induction progressed and when asked to step forward, Marston and Brown both stepped backward and were ushered out and sent home to await further notice. Both resisters intend to fight their induction through legal procedure.

NEW YORK (LNS) Specialist Frederick Chard, a top security clearance serviceman on leave from Okinawa, refused to return there after seeing Felix Green's movie "Inside North Vietnam" and after reading articles about the Gulf of Tonkin resolution. After refusing the official order on Jan. 19, he announced his refusal on TV. Viewing Chard on TV, Eric Mann, a draftee ordered to report to Fort Leish, Washington, for transfer to Korea, decided to refuse the transfer order. He announced this publicly to several west coast radio stations, and he plans to turn himself in.

Dick Dalton, a medic scheduled to report to Vietnam duty from Treasure Island, San Francisco, refused duty and turned himself in on January 19 to authorities in San Francisco. Dalton stated that at enlistment he was promised a non-killing job as a medic but after induction he was given a gun and told to kill.

RALEIGH, N.C. (LNS) Draft resister George Vlasits refused to answer questions at his induction here January 18 and was sent home. Pickets supported him outside the Raleigh Induction Center.

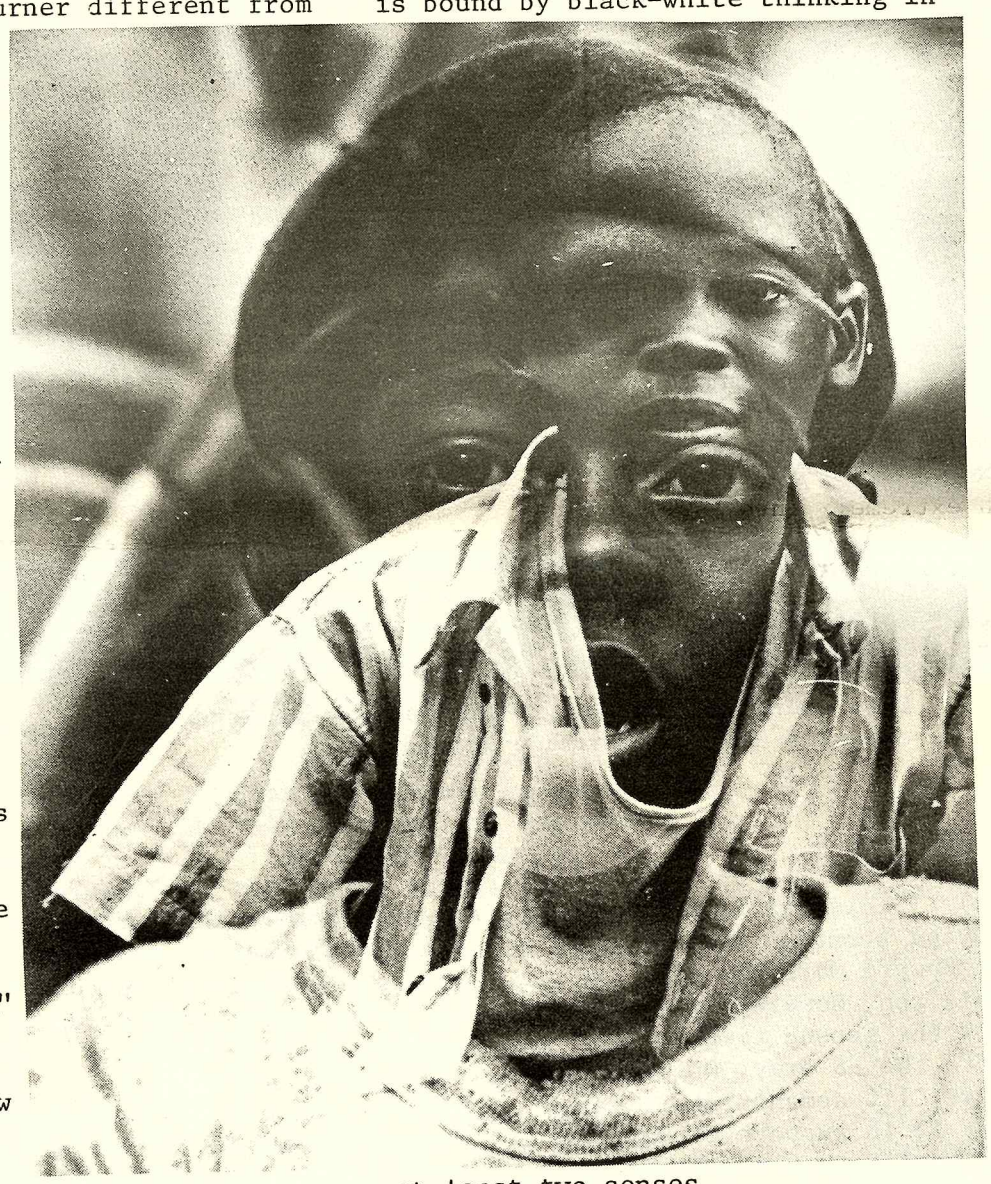
Vlasits is 25 and a former teacher. His father, Rudolph Vlasits, a bookbinder of Hackensack, N.J., joined the supporting picket line and said he "supports George in everything he is doing...World War II and the war in Vietnam are different."

TOKYO (LNS) Asian businessmen are reaping big profits from the Vietnam war, and apparently they hope it will continue, the New York Times reported. In a long analysis on the effect of the war on Asian's economy, the Times noted:

"Manufacturers are making the best of the war boom because they have been increasingly nervous about how long it will last and in what way it will end. The peace movement in the US has been widely publicized in Asia and American visitors are frequently asked by businessmen in Asian cities whether isolationism is likely to become a growing trend.

BEWARE OF WILLIAM STYRON

William Styron, author of The Confessions of Nat Turner, will speak on "Slavery and the Negro Personality" at Smith College on February the ninth. Since its publication in 1967, the novel has been embraced by the American mass media as variously art, history and psychology. Styron pretends to have written a book about an historical character who led a slave rebellion in Virginia in 1831. In a prefatory "Author's Note," Styron speaks of his sources and declares that he has "rarely departed from the known facts about Nat Turner and the revolt of which he was the leader." Such established critics as Granville Hicks, Newsweek's Raymond Soklow, and the Nation's Shawn O'Connell have praised the book as good history without indicating any knowledge of the original Confessions of Nat Turner which presents a noble, intelligent, brave Nat Turner different from Styron's talkative (but ineffectual) masturbating sambo. Styron has replied to those who have said the book perverts history--but without confronting the central issues: his own racism.



Styron the historian is not to be trusted. In April, 1965, he wrote a long, three-part essay in Harper's called "This Quiet Dust." The first part ended with a remark which a number of critics have quoted: "to come to know the Negro, has become the moral imperative of every white Southerner." Styron builds to this conclusion by describing how the South has kept white men from responding in human terms to Negroes around them.
This inability to respond has, according to Styron, made the Southern white "cranky, fanciful, freakish, loony, violent"--ironically, many of the attributes Styron gave his own Nat Turner. In fact, when one looks at Styron's earlier novels, one finds that Negroes are the white man's accessories, one-dimensional, with no lives of their own, while his whites fight internal and external battles in an attempt to sort out their tensions and frustrations. Styron, in having Nat fight the hangups of the modern white Southerner instead of confronting the tortured existence of a slave who was also a revolutionary in 1831, makes an extraordinary statement about himself, and about racists generally.

Part two of the Harper's essay indicates that Styron completely accepts the Frank Tannenbaum-Stanley Elkins theory: "American Negro slavery...was simply so despotic and emasculating as to render organized revolt next to impossible." The large number of historically-verifiable Negro runaways, robbers, saboteurs, thieves and rebels (on however small a scale, and however unorganized), renders one of Styron's basic premises invalid. But Styron has to believe that every Negro slave but Nat Turner was a docile house nigger, perhaps for reasons implicit in his 1963 review of Herbert Aptheker's American Negro Slave Revolts. We discover that two years before Styron called on Southern whites to "know the Negro," he already knew the mythical creature: "the character [not characterization] of 'Sambo,' shiftless, wallowing happily in the dust, was no cruel figment of the imagination, Southern or Northern, but did in fact exist." Even more revealing is another comment from the same review, which refers to the "many millions" of slaves other than Turner, who "could only accept their existence or be damned." If Styron could conceive of some slaves who would not "accept their existence," why can't he conceive of an alternative other than acceptance or damnation? Styron is bound by black-white thinking in at least two senses.

Since Styron had concluded that all Negroes were Sambos, he had to change Nat's history. He had his Nat taught to read by white folks instead of by his black parents; he took him away from the plough and put him in the big house; he said he was always good, while the original "confessions" state that Nat was taken along to plan the rogueries of the boys; he was not allowed by Styron to run away for thirty days; in the novel, other runaways--Quakers, freedmen, and abolitionists--are made out to be crazy, and Nat is made celibate.

The second part of the essay, "This Quiet Dust," is very useful for my purposes because in it Styron begins to tell the truth about Nat Turner. Styron says Turner was intelligent, and experimented with making paper and gunpowder. In the novel he is only a carpenter. The essay portrays a "respectable white overseer," who becomes a sodomite in the novel. Styron claims in his essay that Nat's attitude toward sex was Christian and high-minded;" but in the novel Nat lusts after white girls. In the essay he said that the rebellion was put down by a "mounted force of militia troops"--not by the Negroes who put down the rebellion in the novel. Finally, Styron said Nat "went to his death with great dignity and courage." This Nat Turner is far different from the craven self-torturing fool, the idiotically tickled beast who is the Nat Turner of the novel--he who had felt the return of God and his humanity because of the mere dream of having sex with a white girl.

Surely we have to mistrust the man who can change history so completely in two years, and still insist that he is telling the truth. His historical method is hypocrisy. He defended his assertion that Negroes put down the rebellion by simply asking his readers to accept his word. William Drewry's study in 1900, which could have been Styron's source, also states that Negroes aided in the suppression of the revolt. However, Drewry continued to say that only four Negroes defended their master,

cont on p. 15

THE STRUGGLE TO BE

If nothing else is accomplished by this article, I hope it will impress on the reader the inherent misconceptions of current government attempts to improve the condition of the Afro-American. The beliefs that the Negro is some lower-level version of the White man with a burning desire for social acceptance, that racial integration is his dream of dreams and that for it he must be groomed, transformed by absorption of social, cultural and behavioral values "a la mode" before being ready, is absurd.

If one were to ask what is the greatest tragedy of the 20th century, I would say the exaltation of the imperialist ego (more familiarly called white supremacy) at the expense of segments of American society--particularly American blacks. The old cliche, "for every gain there must be an equal loss," holds true here and has manifested itself in inestimable if not irreparable damage to the psyche of the American black. To think oneself superior simply because of racial origin and to express this through hurling insults at others is immoral. To manifest one's prejudices through acts of hostility and violence, conquest and destruction is criminal. This is the situation at home; this is also the situation abroad, for example, in Vietnam.

We must examine far and deep to reach the core of this problem. We must consider the reaction to this action.

In the case of the victims of American white supremacy the reaction has been largely frustration, a sort of mental and emotional erosion process, very often resulting in negativism and despair. A person who cannot identify with the mass culture may be pressured into making the effort because of the general concensus that emulation is the only road to acceptance and full citizenship--all the while knowing full well that the effort required is too great, and the goal too nebulous. Racism is a mental and emotional sickness to which we can apply the old biblical adage, "As you sow, so shall you reap."

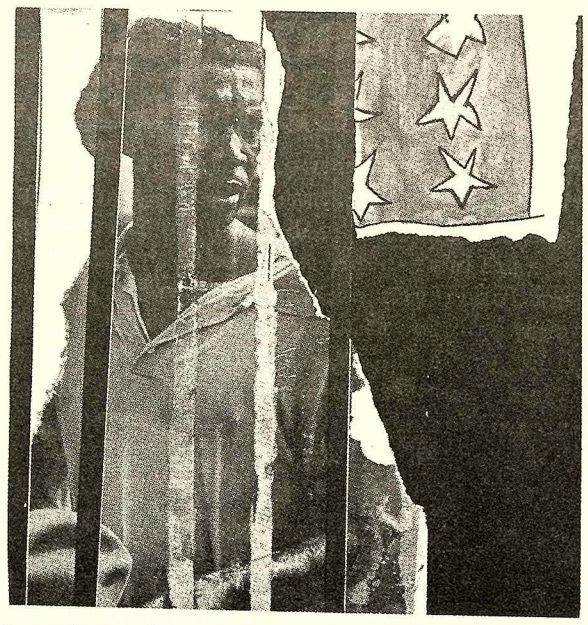
America has criminally created a

whole segment of its own society that is mentally and emotionally disturbed and psychologically ill-equipped to enter into the "mainstream of American life." I am not saying that the bulk of American blacks and whites are categorically maladjusted and mentally ill. But I am saying that because racism has so strengthened the ego of the white American that he is no longer capable of recognizing the black man's needs for self-expression and realization, it has virtually destroyed the vitality and self-confidence of the black man through a systematic process of refusal and denial. No matter how impersonal social standards may appear, they will be difficult to meet without the impetus and the desire of the individual. This is the nature of the Negro's frustration. After the satisfaction of the basic physical human needs, I feel this is the area of the black man's greatest need. Yet judging from federal and local programs, it is the least understood area and that of least concern. Let us consider cases.

Black people entered this sector of the world as slaves and, I assume, because of this little has been written about them in the general context of American life. It is therefore difficult for me to cite past evidence of substandard performance-effects resulting in the black man's deprecated self-image. However, examples may be presented of the attitudes and behavior of blacks outside the United States during the slavery period--acts of overt aggressiveness and rebellion. These are particularly significant here in the Western world where, for the male, criterion of vitality, is his willingness to resort to physical violence to defend and protect his rights and acquired property.

In this connection, W.E.B. DuBois, the famed black American sociologist, mentioned the slave revolts of the West Indies. In Barbados, there were slave insurrections in 1674, 1629, and 1702. "A Negro insurrection in Dominica under Farcel greatly exercised England in 1791 and 1794 and delayed slave trade abolition." In 1663 the freedom of the maroons (a band of escaped slaves) was acknowledged, land was given them and their leader, Juan de Bolas, was made a colonel in the militia." DuBois mentioned similar instances of revolt throughout the Caribbean which manifest the more aggressive nature of slaves in the West Indies as compared to the apparent docility or apathy of the slaves in the U.S.

What psychological factors or physical means of control were operant in the two situations and the extent of their differences remain obscure. But it is interesting to note that even to this day an aggressive tendency in the Carribean Negro is observable, particularly in New York City. Almost without exception, the successful black professionals, politicians, community leaders and businessmen are either West Indian or of that heritage. In any case, there is nowhere near this record of aggressiveness in the history of the American black, and my thesis is that failure to release frustration has had a deleterious psychological effect on the American Negro which is reflected in his social performance and personal behavior. Baldwin comments beautifully on this: "Negroes represent nothing to [the Northern white] personally except perhaps the dangers of carnality. He never sees Negroes as Southerners see them all



the time. Northerners never think about them whereas Southerners are never really thinking of anything else. Negroes are, therefore, ignored in the North and are under surveillance in the South, and suffer hideously in both places. Neither the Southerner nor the Northerner is able to look on the Negro simply as a Man. It seems to be indispensable to the national self-esteem that the Negro be considered either as a kind of ward (in which case we are told how many Negroes, comparatively, bought Cadillacs last year and how few, comparatively, were lynched), or as a victim (in which case we are promised that he will never vote in our assemblies or go to school with our kids)."

How does all this relate to current ghetto conditions and education?

Looking through some education journals the other day, I came across an extremely interesting study entitled, "Personality Characteristics of Negro College Students in the South--A Recent Appraisal." The author of this study contends that Cattell's Sixteen Personality Factors Test established a relationship between certain personality traits and scholastic performance. The important finding was that when this test was given to a sample of Negro college students in the South and compared to a mean score for white students, their mean scores were significantly lower than the white students' scores for the traits most directly related to good academic performance. The report explains that such traits as shyness, group dependence and controlled "comparative" behavior are normal personality characteristics for groups excluded from the mass culture.

Much has already been written about the lower academic achievement level of Afro-American children in comparison to Whites. But attempts to explain it have always been vague and avoided the core of the problem. The importance of this particular study is that it begins to explain more honestly the fact that a man, regardless of his color, is a human, possessing a concept of himself, and his performance in any capacity is going to reflect the self-confidence of his sense of identity. In a racist society the black man's self-confidence will always be slight. Even Gunnar Myrdal introduces one chapter of his American Dilemma with the statement: "The economic situation of the Negroes in America is pathological." I would extend this statement and say that it is emotionally and mentally pathological as well. "The circumstances under which Negroes live.....have a definite influence on their mental health." Myrdal goes on to state that after 1933, there were more Negroes than Whites in state mental hospitals across the nation. This trend has not abated, as black Americans still comprise the larger proportion of inmates in mental institutions nationally, even though Negroes are less prone to escape their problems by taking their lives.

What about educational ramifications? Everyone is pretty much in agreement that the schools are in a mess. The mess appears almost inextricably connected to the "grass roots," "culturally deprived," "de facto-segregated," "inner city," "hard core-poor" black American child. The time has come for us to stop working out unnecessarily complicated terminology and honestly to try to develop some simple solutions. The basic problem is pretty simple. It boils down to giving full citizenship rights and human dignity in law to all people. Schools can start by revising texts to portray the Afro-American's role in the United States more accurately and honestly, to tell more of Negro achievements and contributions in the arts, humanities and sciences, instead of offering only a cursory account of the humiliating aspects of his servitude. Racist, prejudiced and incompetent teachers must be sought out and disbarred from the profession. Everything must be done to give the black student a sense of his historical evolution and total worth in relation to his fellows and society. We must realize that a man needs more than just a job, a car and a cinder block apartment in a housing project that resembles a grain elevator. In Skinnerian terms, man is an organism that needs positive reinforcement--constantly. Being deprived of it leads to frustration, and from frustration one sinks into despair. If one cannot identify with anything around him and feels excluded by discrimination, then one's despair can only lead to destruction--either his own or his oppressors'. This is the point American Negroes have reached today. It presents one of the critical challenges of education: to realize not the grosser obvious needs of the dispossessed, but the more subtle, intangible and yet extremely critical psychological and emotional needs of human respect and dignity and a total sense of belonging. It must come to pass with all possible dispatch. The seeds of revolution have been sown. There will be no turning back when the despair has turned to rage! To use Baldwin's words again: "People who shut their eyes to reality simply invite their own destruction. The world is white no longer, and it will never be white again."

William Hill

WE LOVE MOTHER ▫ SPECIAL DEAL FOR MOTHER READERS ▫ LEATHER WRIST-WATCH BANDS ▫ 2 FOR $2
with this ad
OPEN 11-5:30
AMHERST
65 N. PLEASANT ST.
CAMBRIDGE
50A BOYLSTON ST.

Voyage

a cold day one Fall
I don't remember when
went walking down a Nantucket beach
with the wind moaning and straining around me
as I came up over a small rise
a figure somewhat off in the distance
caught my eye as the wind blew stronger
I slowly drew closer and saw
an old man who stood near the surf
which seemed to be shouting and crying
I did not go any closer
something kept me away
but then he turned and I felt
as though my mind had been pierced
my body seemed rooted to the sand
and as a sudden gust of salt water wind
charged into me I gasped
while the man's face loomed large and frightening
as if it were sucking the warmth from me
I shivered but could not move
yet then I felt a touch of warmth
when for a moment he smiled
then as the wind lashed my face
he vanished and I fell down on the sand
my body shaking, my thoughts jumbled
into mazes of fear
a ghost? I asked and shivered
later I spoke to old timers
and looked into the island's books
there were many ghosts
but none like the man on the beach
I slowly stopped shivering
for a time the memory remained vivid
but then began to fade
as I moved here and there
across deserts and mountains
until my bones were aching and my teeth loose
until I returned to Nantucket
full of tales of adventure
and one day, this Fall
went walking on the beach
during a cold and windy day
stood by the surf
watching the waters dance
then suddenly felt my attention attracted
turned, and saw a young man staring at me
his face etched with some nameless fear
I felt a deep pain in my head
how much he looked like me
when I was young, how much, indeed, too much

John Brown Childs

A Negro dies
because of society's lies;
his wife cries,
but his children's eyes
convey the hatred.

r.a.james

from These States

These are the names of the companies that have made money from
Chinese war
nineteenhundredsixtyeight Annodomini fivethousandsevenhundredtwenty-
eight Hebrew fortythousandsixtyeight postMagdalenian
These are the corporations who have profited merchandising skinburn-
ing phosphorous or shells fragmented into thousands of flesh-
piercing needles
and here listed money billions gained by each combine for manufac-
ture
and here gains are numbered, index'd swelling a decade, set in
order,
here named the office Fathers in these industries, telephoners
directing finance,
names of Directors, fate makers, and names of the stockholders of
these destined Aggregates,
and here are the names of their Capital ambassadors, legislature-
representatives, those who drink in hotel lobbies to
persuade,
and separate listed, those who take amphetamine with the military,

and gossip, argue and persuade
suggesting policy coining language proposing thoughtstructure
mapping policy, done for a fee as troubleshooters to Pentagon,
consulting Military, paid by their industries;
and these are the names of the generals & captains of military,
who now thus work for wargoods manufacturers;
and above these, listed, the names of the banks, combines &
investment trusts that control these industries, & their
highest lawfirms,
and these are the names of the newspapers owned by these banks
& persons
and these are the names of the airstations owned by these combines;
and these are the numbers of millions of citizens employed by
these businesses named;
and the beginning of this accounting is 1958 and the end 1968, that
statistic be contained in orderly mind, coherent and definite,
and the first form of this litany begun the first day of December
1967 concludes this poem of These States.

Allen Ginsberg (LNS)

Growing Down

One purple light hill
Crest white
to be mine
to swing a leaf
Over songs.
Pour ricedrop petaled
free
close to my yellowness.
I'm nine years old.

Hazesmoke fills the pools
Pretty red
of the flood
of fire shot hot
Into warmth.
Clean your gun--but
why
did you kill my doll
Silent soldier?
I'm ninety years old.

(reprinted from OR

Rainbow
Can you float through the
and not l
Can you lie quietly
engulfed
in the sl
of male a
Warm wet
Endless e
Can you offer your stamen
for the e
While bir
Writhe together on the ri
While bir
Wait soft-feathered, quiv
While bir
Can you coil serpentine
While bir
Become two cells merging?
Slide together in molecul
Can you, murmuring,
Lose
All
Fusing
Rainbow

i wa
list
and
i lo
brok
and
i've
peek
last
and
i di
afte
and
bl
leavin
in

ACLE of Southern California)

universe of your body
se your way?

ppery union
d female?
ance of generation?
stacies of couples?
trembling in the meadow
ectric penetration of pollen
s sing?
er bank
s sing?
ring, in the thicket
s sing?

s sing?

embrace?

ked the streets last night
ooking for signs which can't be seen
ning for voices which are never heard
here was grey pavement all around
shadow which was mine
here was silence on the street
ked to the sky and saw
eon signs with broken letters and
n words which couldn't tell
e anything
he flask inside my shirt was
ead and empty and very quiet
bled away my life in a
ark brown trickle
at me from behind drawn curtains
nd see the way i die
night my blood froze and
y sweat turned to ice
became my shadow
was alone on the sidewalk
n't know much about these
nings
a while i went back to
y soundproof room
it fires inside my mind which
zed and died
heaps of ashes where flowers once flashed
olts of thunder

Rocco Giuliano

in groping through the incense fog
and tumbling over a friend or two
a book of eastern thought found me
and shook me from my wanderings

and later in my lonely hours
a boy came by from summers past
and told me of his troubled life
isolation, pain and sorrow

such circumstance had found me, too
and so we took the hindu tract
and, reading from the I Ching book,
we felt together, all alone

the yin and yang entwined forever
opposites acting on each other
cycles reversing, reversing again
and all things shall pass, never ending

only those things which have given us joy
are able to make us weep in sorrow
only those things which have given us pain
are able to make us weep for joy

the boy is gone now, back to his lives
and gone is the summer of our understanding
and now the winds of December are blowing
an incense haze into my mind.

Elizabeth Gozzi

To Date Yet Be Over Waite

What a wale of a time for one and all
Large and small
Fat is an endless time one which
Life will not subside
All too subtly we try to hide
Only to find life a one way ride

David Johnson

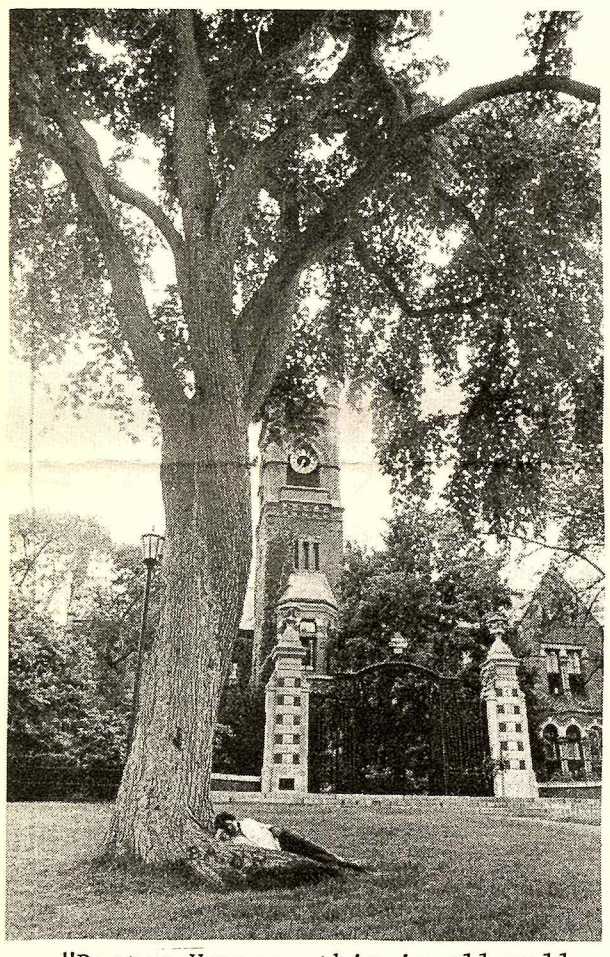
Nevery's Revenge

OOOOOWAOOOOOOOoooooooooooooooooooooo
JUMP! screamed the crowd
Nevery did,
flashing his body past forty-nine stories of
gleaming windows and grey concrete
ARRRRHHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhhhh moaned the crowd upon Nevery's end
Dispersing in the sunset they went home to sizzling hamburgs and
Nevery
was scraped off the street, his name pulverized
from the ranks of the breathing
Nevery
was stowed away in a deep next far below where words can hurt, later
the crowd read of the event and murmured its
appreciation
--we were there, that's the way it was, this nut
on the building jumped and killed himself and. . .
long ago
sometime away
Hiram Ladd sadly wrote
where will be the birds
that sing
a hundred years to come?
and so came floods and roaring waters from thunderous skies and
so came the shivering of the earth while ancient dust clouds rose
and so came fear
so came terror, and so
Mrs. Littleton moaned and wailed--my god, my god--
hiding her head in a hamburger
she had watched Nevery jump, now she cried
as
earth shaking, sky quaking, men running, running, running,
and now only the birds that sing and a hundred years and a
thousand stars have come
all is gone except for
a stone upon a desert of burning dust
a name upon a stone
a stone embedded with a name
a stone-name
a name-stone
there, strong, hard, deep, lasting
the name on the stone is
Nevery
is the name on the stone
and where is the crowd that screamed
and moaned, yes,
where now is the crowd that screamed and moaned?

John Brown Childs

The Guest The Lecturer

"And therefore, with the aid of modern science...hmm...we can explain many traditional ideas more accurately, we can make them more familiar to us. For example: we may redefine God as being the Speed of Light, that is, as a constant K, and the absolute of the Universe. In this way, ahem, we can understand why God was formerly frequently referred to as being Light; in Milton we see this. Einstein's famous equation, E equals mc^2, when we substitute God for the absolute speed of light, we see that God squared and multiplied times Mass equals energy. Or simply put, God squared equals energy divided by Mass not high mass mind you. Similarly this shows us that God equals the square root of Energy divided by Mass. In this manner God is seen to be equal to everything that modern physics knows. Religion and science don't necessarily have to conflict when they are properly interpreted. In any explanation, as we have seen, God is the Absolute. It's really



"Doctor Herman, this is all well and good I suppose, but how would your scientific interpretation account for death. Death is obviously biological." After asking his question, the student sat down again, convinced that he had been provoking.

"That's certainly a question, all right. I would explain it psychically from the principle of the relativity of motion. I would call death a state of absolute rest; that is, a time when no external forces are acting on the body or mind, at least none that we know of...heh. It is theoretically possible that a mind may experience no inertia whatsoever, that is, while a person is alive his senses may actually achieve glimpses of the death experience for brief moments, you know what I'm talking about. That is, paradoxically, and all truth is paradoxical; he would sense a condition of body that is in itself unsensing, and unknown. Do I sound mystical? Do you see what I mean?"

The student stood up again, puzzled, and embarrassed that he was singled out. He did not want to seem too eager to learn. "Frankly, no," he said, trying not to seem too noticeably ignorant.

"Let me explain it this way: An alive mind is always active and passive, it is always taking material in through the senses as it projects out through the senses. At each fingertip a decision is made: if the new experience or object that the hand feels is stronger than the impression of it that the mind has from the past experience, then it accepts the new sense impression as the genuine one, the real one, and takes it into the mind in place of the old one. Obviously, a substitution is made. If, however, the new experience or object that the hand feels is weaker than the impression that the mind has kept from the past experience, then, of course, it disregards the new sensation as being the false one, the ingenuine one, and the impression that the mind has is reinforced by projecting it on to reality as it has in the past, waiting for something strong enough to take its place. We can see therefore that the active mind, the mind that's alive, is in a constant state of supplanting old sense impressions with new ones; the passive part of the mind is reinforcing old impressions.

"When the primitive mind of an aborigine focuses his attention on an animal, and attains a mystical union with the beast, it blots out present sensing; what he is doing is living off the past impressions for the moment, and he is in this way experiencing death, the death of his contemporaneous sensing. We might almost go so far to say that intellectualizing is a form of death because it destroys contemporaneous sensing, but that is absurd. Childhood is a pleasant time for most people, because it is a time when more new impressions are being accepted into the hierarchy of impressions than are being rejected. The older a man grows, naturally the more of a heritage he has with him, and the more impressions he is forced to reject. Near death, I hate to linger like an old man on so morbid a subject, the man is at a time when he rejects these new impressions ninety-nine percent of the time, and he ceases growing, and when he no longer takes the present moment <u>in</u>, he ceases growing--never trust a man over thirty, is the way your generation says it. What age do you trust a woman? Well, it's appropriate this way, anyhow: when a man stops growing, he dies. No time wasted...he dies. Once in a while a man, I don't want to wander off the subject, comes along who experiences a rapid turnover of impressions: this man becomes the poet; infinite impressions grease his palm with silver and he accepts them willingly. He knows where his fingers are at every moment, so to speak."

"All right I follow you so far," the student said impatiently. "But you haven't said why, you haven't said what determines whether the mind accepts or rejects." The student sat down nervously, clutching his hands, feeling that someone contrived this apparent Socratic dialogue.

"The nerves determine whether the mind accepts or rejects," the lecturer went on. "The intensity of what is called pain or what is called pleasure determines whether a new impression can compete for an old one's spot in the hierarchy of categorized sense values. The poet has nerves that are so acute that anything is liable to replace anything else, almost--a very unstable condition, needless to say. Everything is new to him, anyway, that is what his senses tell him. Have you ever had the feeling that you have been in the same situation of life before, sometime in the past? Well, this occurs when the new sensation matches the old one in intensity, naturally there is some confusion, and you become conscious briefly of the two situations side by side, equalized. Both are of equal intensity, and so what happens?

You remember neither. From this we can deduce the principle of the relativity of pleasure and pain.

"What is called the principle of Thanatos is merely the strongest sensation--in most people--of pain within us that the body has ever felt, or will, What is called Eros is merely the strongest sensation of pleasure that the mind has recorded up until that instant. We live on the bridge between these two, between man and superman. This has led Plato and other philosophers to posit the existence of a world that is Ideal, and absolute beyond the grasp of our normal senses. This is as it should be. We can see that we never receive the world more accurately, we only receive it more strongly, more intensely. Our impressions of the world only get stronger, not more accurate.

"Let us see then. Is the real world that which would appear to someone who did not have to depend on faulty senses, our senses? In other words, is it that world that would appear to someone who wasn't human? We must answer no. Then, at that moment, it would not be our reality at all, but an inhuman reality. Is reality not as the world would appear to someone devoid of any past sense experience that perceiving would be colored by? In other words, reality is that which would appear to someone who had never experienced a thing whatsoever of life? But there is no such person. Therefore, we must conclude the Ideal world cannot exist as far as our knowing it is concerned.

"I must conclude, for it is growing late, and I know all of you have somewhere else you could be. This is only my epistemology: it need not be yours. I have attempted to show you how death is a state of nonenergy, and how God can be seen as being the Absolute speed of light. I have also attempted to show you how learning is a constant battle between the old and the new sensation. Our ability to see reality is dependent on our ability to reject all our past impressions for new ones. I have suggested the law of emotional relativity. I also wanted to explain how dreams represent a symbolic dramatization of the battles between the old and the new sensations of the psychic life of our learning, but I have already wandered too far afield, and it's time to stop. I hope I have been neither obtuse, diffuse, or abstruse. I want to thank all of you for inviting me here, and I hope I've answered some of your questions."

A reserved applause filled the room, and Doctor Herman left the podium with his eye on the student who had questioned him. He turned and began walking toward the gathering crowd of people at the door who were waiting to talk, and shake his hand. He saw the young student leave by the back door, and he paused for a second. Then, on he walked, energetically, like a man who had just won a tennis match. He was oblivious to the eccentricity of his ideas. He shook hands for nearly twenty minutes. "Same old thing," he muttered as he reached for the door to leave.

David LeCount

RABBITS UNDER GROUND

My father once led me by the hand through a cold Minnesota wood. The snow was deep and the wind was cold. We stopped at a clearing. He was listening for something. Then he told me about rabbits in winter.

"When the snow begins to fall the ground begins to freeze, and rabbits burrow into holes deep in the earth. They don't hibernate, like bears, but they stay underground. They dig long and deep tunnels, and they live under the frozen earth.

"Because they stay awake, their families grow larger and larger. And, then, they have to dig longer and longer tunnels. Sometimes when they dig, they'll meet another rabbit coming the other way. If it's two male rabbits that meet, they'll fight until one rabbit kills the other. If it's a male and a female, they'll stop right there and raise another family.

"Things move very fast down there. The rabbits are running all the time. New ones being born. And the young learn to run fast and live hard. The walls of the tunnels get slippery with the blood of family that's been killed or born. The hairs of the rabbits stick sometines to the walls of the tunnel.

"It gets faster and faster until spring and the first thaw. When the snow begins to melt and drip down into the tunnels. All the rabbits get the message at the same time. Of course, by this time they're all very excited anyway, and they tunnel up through the snow to the sun. For many this is the first time they've seen the sun. They were born underground, and it was there they lived their entire lives. Many of them get so excited that when they see the sun for the first time, they have heart attacks and die.

"They just been moving too hard, and they can't take it."

He squeezed my hand and then he said "Humans are luckier. If they got sense, they can plan ahead."

Ed Felin

HEGEL (IN POOR TASTE)

Mr. Shapiro,

You're disgusting. I used to think there was hope for the younger generation even with all their foolishness. I suppose you think you're ecumenical or something. Don't think that will save you. Modernization has been a bad idea from the beginning. You can't be nice to you people. When I read that filth you write and think of the young people you're corrupting, I can see that hell's too good for you. Our Lord Jesus and the Blessed Virgin are watching you and a lot of other heretics.

I only pray that some of the young people who read this will wake up. It's about time we Catholics stopped trying to reason with people like you and got this country to the true faith and not so many books. I've got two children in that University. I thank God that they're prepared for the attacks on the Church and the so-called "rational" approaches to religion that go on over there. You have a lot of nerve trying to advise people without even being a Christian. God will punish you.

Mrs. Sheilah O'Neill

Dear Mrs. O'Neill,

You have committed the extremely imprudent mistake of counting your heretics before they're burned. It so happens that the Pope is an impersonal friend of mine. With your letter as evidence I think I can get you condemned as a fideist. The original fideist, Abbe Bautain, espoused the doctrine that Christianity was immune to the attacks of reason because, in fact, all knowledge is derived using premisses accepted on faith. Unfortunately for the Abbe--and for you, too, Mrs. O'Neill--fideism was declared heretical by Pope Gregory XVI in 1840.

Perhaps two thousand years from now some liberal members of the Council of Cardinals will sponsor a motion to exonerate you. But for the present I suggest you invest in an asbestos suit.

For the edification of your soul I am citing the following little-known passages from the New Old Testament, revised standard contrition, as translated by a host of acid heads, speed freaks, lecherous octogenarians, rabid communists, and other Latter Day Saints:

IX. Take down the scrapbook, obese and candid, suffer a cornucopia of non-sequiteurs while all the time on your hands are holding your head.

Adam begat

X. Run to the metronome when you hear a crippled cadence and don't argue too long with the shades of meaning.

and Cain begat

XI. Polish the crowns of big bald men and shun the needless to say who bite bitter breaths and sometimes stop and stare at the oath-scarred walls.

and Eve bore

XII. Fall in love with a passenger pigeon if you know what's good for you and all who stumble down from steepled streets in search of newerotics.

all who bore me.

Silah Sheilah

Dear Sirs:

I'm a widow and have lived in this town for thirty-two years in the same house. This fall I had to take in a roomer to help pay for the upkeep on the place. I rented the room to a University girl, a "nice girl," I thought! Right away I could see that I made a mistake. First of all the way she dresses is obscene! The neighbors also complain that she runs around all hours of the night with nothing on and the blinds open. Besides all that she has college boys in here all hours of the night and I strongly suspect fornication. As far as I'm concerned, she's obscene and pornographic--just like your newspaper--and I dare you to print this! (I'm getting a lawyer to have her evicted.)

Mrs. Wynsocki

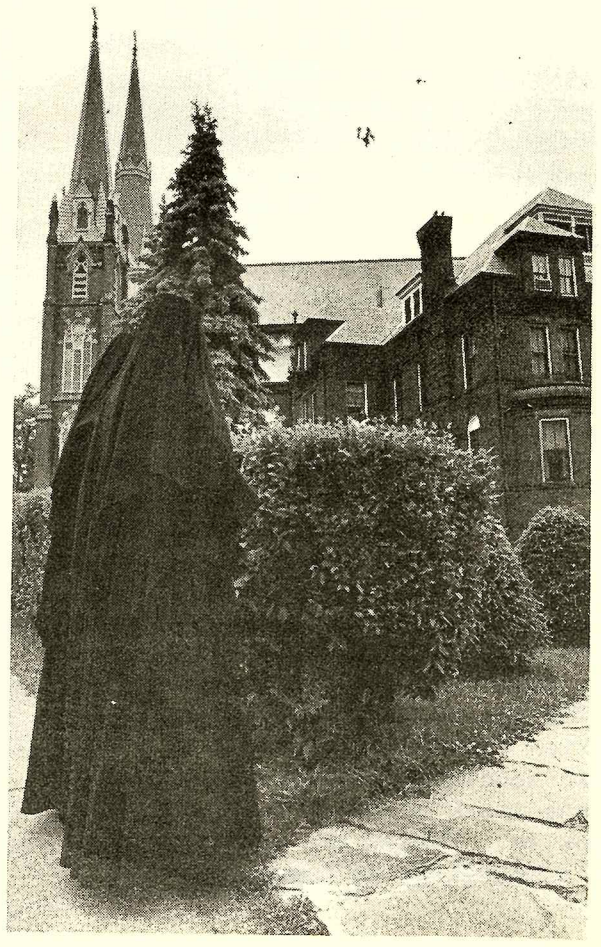
Dear Mrs. Wynsocki,

I won't harangue you with a lecture on tolerance. Judging from your present stage of enlightenment I'd have to argue with you for about 8000 years to effect any change in your attitudes.

You use "pornographic" incorrectly in your epistle. Nevertheless, let us assume that that is your charge against this girl. As your lawyer will no doubt apprise you, the term "pornographic" is inapplicable to a part or an aspect of a work--in this case your lodger--taken out of context. In short, the girl is not pornographic if she has "redeeming social value." On this point you prejudiced the case against yourself. If your suspicions concerning her sexual activities are confirmed, then she's putting out more than enough redemption to justify her less palatable actions.

Love and pity,

Hegel



BOOK REVIEW

The Ice Cream Parlor and Other Mechanical Plays, by Joseph Krausman, MCA Fellow, Smith College, 1965-66, Despa Press, Box 123, Northampton, Mass., 1967, $1.75

> The mechanical play deals with a human problem and the search for a device, system or mechanism that could aid in making life more bearable.

These plays are concerned with human suffering and the attempted "palliative remedies." With these words, Joseph Krausman introduces his first collection of plays. And with these words the reader senses the real and lasting importance of this first book. The sensation springs not from academic literary excellence nor from complex artistry. These qualities, though present, lose their potency because of the poignant philosophical allegory. Treating this allegory in terms of the timeless human condition, Krausman's work displays its worth in human beauty, suffering, loneliness and death.

The first play, The Ice Cream Parlor, grey if not black comedy, projects its message of loneliness and indecision through dialogue, music and dance. A shudder of fear escapes when the reader learns that the eventual result of apathetic life is death; that the inevitable result of any life is death. Of course, since it is a musical, this play will realize its full potential in theatrical performance. However, in print, devoid of its musical dimension, the concept of ubiquitous, illogical motivation transforms the play from comedy to tragedy.

The second play, An Ear For Truth, carries this death theme from the comic setting of the ice cream parlor to the stark scene of a tenement in Brooklyn. There, the reality of man's inability to communicate is underlined by a maniacal search for a mechanical device to fill the void of loneliness.

An Ear For Truth also presents Krausman in his ethnic background. Written in the unique speech of the immigrant Jew, the play reveals the sentiments and homilies of the Old World as they fail to serve their masters in the technological freeze of the New World. This second play in the volume was produced at Smith and Grinnell Colleges and has been hailed as Krausman's best work.

Although the first two plays hinge on the tragic realities, the third, Commencement Exercise, is a complete immersion into madness. It loses, through this device, its direct contact with an easily recognizable theme. Yet it has within its structure an unmistakably mystical variation. Witness the last stanza of the introductory villanelle:

> This is a play without a mother
> Hearken to the tolling bell.
> Who is the son, who's the father?
> A dream's a thing that means another.

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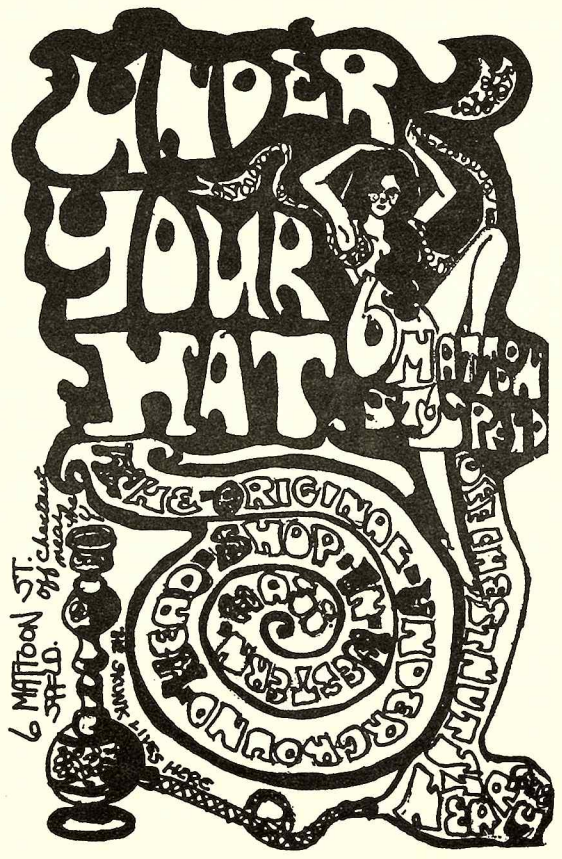
The last full play, Wellington's Chair, tells the story of Arthur Wellington, Jr., millionaire corset manufacturer, who builds a chair capable of satisfying every need in life and death. The play presents many of the sentiments expressed in Krausman's other works. Here also, a mechanical device is substituted for human feeling and emotion: the eventual result is failure and death. Again Krausman cries out for the humanity of feeling and emotion to regain its supremacy over the expediency of mechanism. Krausman's thoughts may therefore smack of an outdated and inefficient dream, but in these times of death and revolt, who can be so sure that the dream is gone?

--Ted Taranto

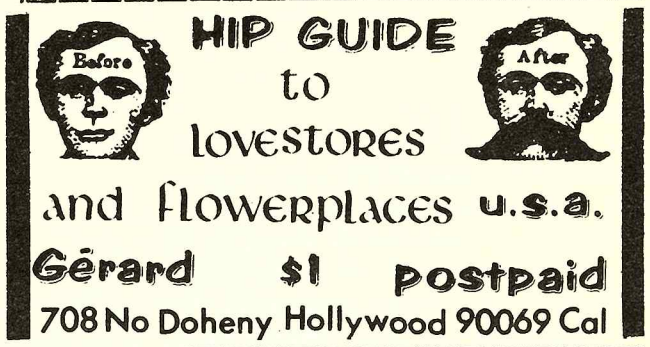


FREE UNIVERSITY

The Valley Centre, located at 203 North Pleasant, Amherst, has initiated its formal registration period with unparalleled response in its year and a half history. The 280 students and faculty who so far have registered for classes indicates perhaps a new sensitivity and awakening to the possibilities of self-inspired learning and non-formalized experiences in the realms of human contact.

Registration is continuing at UMass, as well as Amherst, Smith, and Holyoke campuses, with the greatest interest so far in the areas of Indian Studies and Yoga, Photography, Cinematography, T-Groups, Zen, and Ceramics-Sculpture. Interest is so overwhelming in these areas particularly that there is some worry--there's near panic--concerning how this unforeseen pleasure of over-enrollment will be accommodated both in terms of space and coordinators, instructors, and consultants. A plea is made at this time for persons who share the goals and philosophy to contact the Valley Centre at 253-9879 or to stop by and talk to one of the program coordinators. If anyone can teach even one session of a class, lead discussions, provide technical advice, or point in the direction of persons who can, please contact the Valley Centre.

The free university concept provides a unique direction in both the life of the student and of the human being. Class will not be closed to anyone as long as there is the possibility that they can be coordinated, even self-coordinated by the members of the group themselves. A lot of effort has gone into this project and now the response is freely and openly evident: students and faculty members are cutting slots of time out of their programmed lives and schedules so that a genuineness of feeling can be experienced even at the risk of facing one of and perhaps the greatest nemesis of our times: CHANGE.



Other classes presently being offered include Writers in Revolt, Mass Movements, Rock, Poetry Workshop, A Good Thing, Liberation Movements, and Neurosis. Definite plans are in the making for seminars beginning within the next month on Sexual Morality Now, Sound Collages, Hikes-Outings-Trips-Picnics, Being Persons Together, Beating the Programmer, Mythmatching, Drama Workshop, Drawing and Painting, Graphics, War and Non-violence, Draft Workshops, and Contemporary Music with Guitar Instruction.

Phone, visit, sing, move, be happy, we are. Thanx.

Tony Carlen, Coordinator, V.C.

BOSTON (LNS) In a letter to President Johnson, 320 law students from 20 schools have pledged to "refuse to participate in military service" if called to fight in Vietnam.

SOMETHING IS HAPPENING

Now, at last, you too can experience the nightmarish atrocities and senseless, haunting imprisonments leading to your own Kafkaesque trial. How? Get busted and find yourself without a lawyer or with one who still thinks marijuana is an evil weed with roots in hell-- leading to insanity and murder.

IF YOU WERE BUSTED TONITE would you have a lawyer, sympathetic or otherwise, ready to come to your aid? Would you be able, at a moment's notice and by means of that one precious phone call allowed you, to summon counsel with experience in the whole legal-marijuana mess who would willingly and swiftly come to, and be on your side informing you of your rights and noting the facts, or the lack thereof, used to bust you?

Without the support and protection of an informed, capable and sympathetic attorney, we are at the mercy of all the arrogance, bigotry and cruelty of Massachusetts' finest. A local youth, recently busted, asked an arresting officer about his rights and was peremptorily rebuffed, "Shut up or I'll slap your face." We are, *ipso jure*, regarded as guilty vermin not only in the eyes of the gendarmerie, but frequently even in the eyes of our own unsympathetic attorney; the unofficial adjudication of our guilt is then transferred to representatives of the media who, in turn, promulgate it to the public.

Listen to this page

What is needed, desperately and urgently, is a fund by means of which the community can protect itself and its members against the tyranny of busts by providing itself with legal counsel and bail resources; also needed is a group of interested and informed heads to help other heads when busted. With a couple of fund-raising gigs, we can and must:

1- Maintain a lawyer who is sympathetic to the absurd and archaic injustices of the Marijuana and LSD laws and who would be readily available to anyone busted in the Valley.

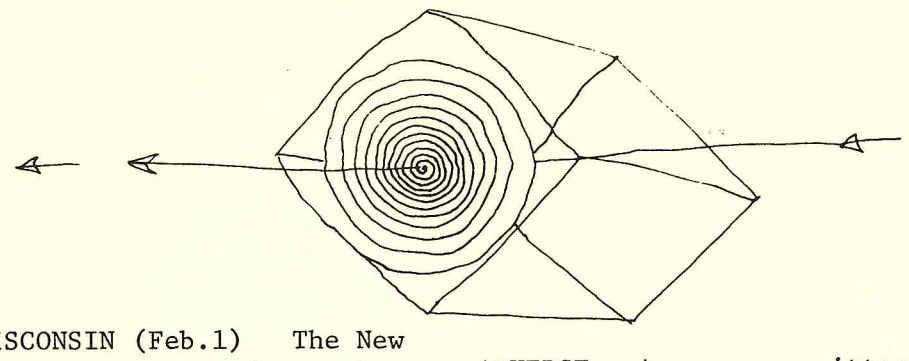
2- Maintain a bail fund accessible to those busted.

3- Maintain a small group of friends who would put this machine into operation at a moment's notice, i.e. who would call the lawyer, post the bail, visit the police station and offer their assistance to those busted.

4- Distribute the phone number of the lawyer and/or the group of friends and exhort them to memorize it and use it if busted.

5- The Underground Press has as much right to information as the straight press and should be present at arraignments, hearing and anywhere else that their presence might buffer the smug and self-righteous coverage of the straight press.

LET's UNITE AND PROTECT OURSELVES. Those interested in working toward this end, write c/o Mother or call Steve Smith at 584-7888.



MADISON, WISCONSIN (Feb.1) The New York Times, quoting a UPI dispatch, reported on page 35 of the sports section that a Wisconsin newspaper knows of a New Orleans doctor who, three days before Kennedy's assassination, was informed by one of his patients that a plot to kill the President was underway. The patient said that one of the conspirators was a man named Jack Rubenstein (ie, Jack Ruby). While making his rounds at the Jackson Memorial Hospital, Dr.Wayne Owen was informed of the plot and informed his fellow doctors. As Owen recalled, "We all just laughed it off."

CAMPUS RADICALS

John McDermott, associate editor of Viet-Report magazine, is currently at work on an organization of radical graduate students and professors. The organization will be formally established at a "New University Conference" to be held this March at the University of Chicago. According to a New University Conference brochure, the meeting will have three general tasks: "It must lay out a comprehensive program for radical university reform, it must plan and initiate the organizations which will carry out that program, and it must encourage a significant expansion of radical research and scholarship relating to public policy, the wider culture and needs of the resistance, Black and poor people's movement. The first two tasks, program and organization, require more elaborate preparation and discussion, and we have accordingly given over most of the conference agenda to the commissions which will carry them out."

For more information write Mike Hirsch, c/o Viet-Report, 133 West 72nd Street, New York, New York 10023.

CONNECTICUT The War Resisters League and the New England Committee for Nonviolent Action are conducting a weekend conference/seminar/meeting on tax resistance at the New England CNVA farm in Voluntown, Connecticut, on the weekend of March 2-3. Everyone with questions about tax resistance or interested in organizing it should attend. Let CNVA know you're coming by writing to RFD 1, Box 197B, Voluntown, Connecticut.

AMHERST An area committee of citizens supporting the candidacy of United States Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota for nomination as President of the United States has been formed.

Called Pioneer Valley Citizens for McCarthy, the committee met recently and elected seven citizens to its steering committee.

Brigadier General (Ret.) Wallace Ford of Montague Road, Amherst, is chairman of the steering committee. General Ford served in World War I, World War II, and the Korean War.

Persons interested in giving financial support and working on the area committee are invited to write to Pioneer Valley Citizens for McCarthy, Box 651, Amherst.

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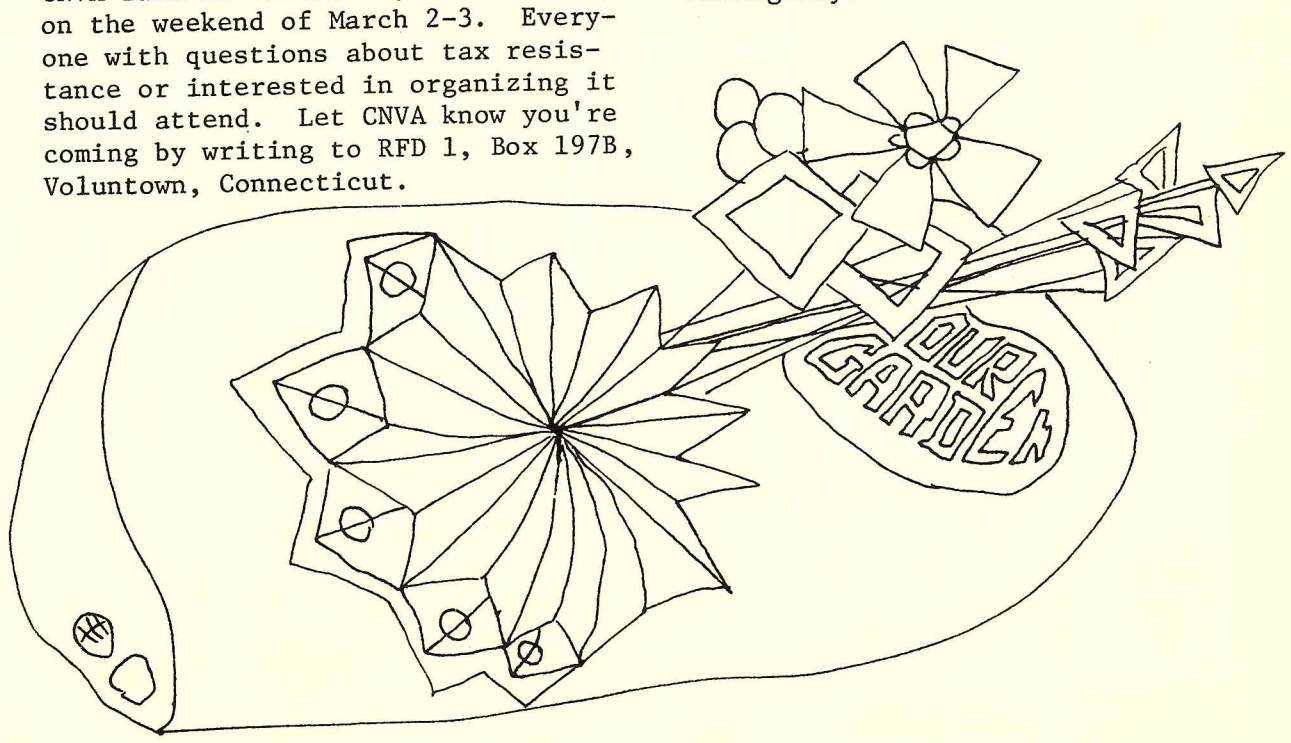
NEOPOLITAN-STYLE PIZZA

CHICAGO (LNS) The Student Mobilization National Anti-War Conference voted overwhelmingly today to issue a call for "an international strike against the Draft, racial oppression, and the war in Vietnam. " The strike is to be held on local campuses April 26, simultaneously with a strike of Black Anti-war, Anti-draft union, a body growing out of the Black Caucus of S.M.C.

Also there will be 10 days of campus action April 20-30. The December National Council of SDS has already designated that period as a time for local activities against American imperialism and university counter-insurgency.

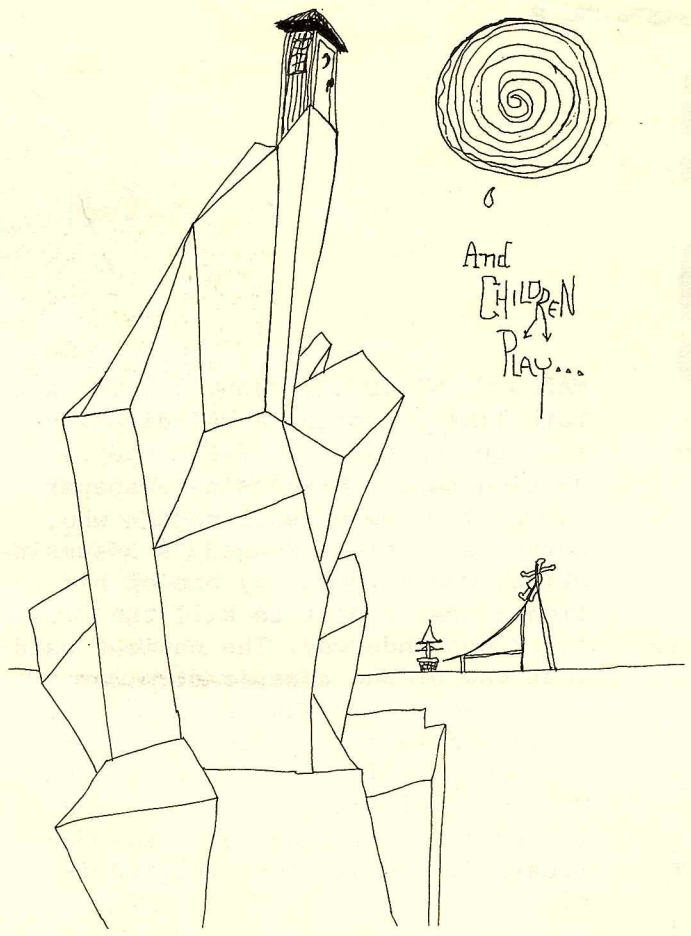


The lack of respect for the American system of "Law and Order" has always been a tender area for social scientists and public servants. The issue has reached what many consider outrageous proportions-- especially with respect to Black people and young people in this country.Still, few understand this problem and even fewer are willing to delve into it because it means understanding the whole structure of American society and its legal system. Most authorities are content to limit crime rather than attack it at its roots. Modern America accepts the fact that crime, like poverty , is a necessary evil which must be controlled and kept hidden.

But the causes of crime--and more specifically, the lack of respect for the legal order--are deeply rooted in the whole American way of life. Why do some young people disregard, disrespect and even flaunt the law? The answers lie perhaps more with the legal system and the society it supports than with those who break the laws.

This is hard to understand, especially if one has not been on the heavy end of a legal conflict. To those with power--even a little power--the law is no threat; to the powerless, it it is a constant enemy, It is clear why two young brothers in Greenfield, Mass., telling of their experiences with the law, feel only contempt and anger toward authorities, toward all those authorities who are trying to shape their lives.

The older of the two brothers--now 16 years old--has been in court 20 times and has spent 8 months in correctional institutions. His crimes, breaking windows in abandoned houses and petty shoplifting,have not been typical of more malicious types of juvenile delinquency. His major crime--"stubborn child"--caused him to spend four months in Lyman school--a notorious juvenile reformatory with a reputation equal to that of Bridgewater State Hospital (subject of Titicut Follies.)



When this charge was brought against him and four brothers and sisters by their frustrated and angry mother, it climaxed what he called the "hate atmosphere" in his family. To her surprise and dismay, the charges resulted in all five being "sent up" to various correctional institutions, despite the mother's wish to withdraw the charges upon hearing of the sentences. Judge Blassberg, notorious among the young people of Franklin County, was the presiding magistrate.

Stories about this judge and his manner of justice are abundant in Greenfield. The time is recalled when a long-haired friend of the brothers was painting his house and was verbally assaulted by a "young lady" very upset by the length of his locks. Cursing and screaming, she walked into a paint brush, and then charged him with assault. There was little doubt of his innocence (many witnesses could testify) but Judge Blassberg refused to take the case until the young man cut his hair. No one doubts he would have been found guilty had he refused.

The time the three boys on a cold evening sneaked into a movie theatre was also noted. Apprehended, they were told by their friend the judge to clean the theatre for a month, but not before they all cut their hair. One young man, very upset by the sentence, shaved his head to satisfy the judge. This was taken to be a sign of disrespect and impudence--and the young man was sent to a reformatory as a stubborn child.

Local police are liked and respected as little as is Judge Blassberg: incidents are frequent; understanding is minimal. The Elm Street Jail--a dirty and outdated incarcerator--has been the place where young runaways, male and female, are placed when caught (and handcuffed). Policemen, like judges and other public servants, are given certain authority as law enforcement agents. This authority is often ambiguous and complicated--and very often transcended, especially against young people. For the little power given such people is too frequently multiplied and misused. The power of the law over people's lives is a frightening and everpresent thing.

Having total power over another person's life, however, is something incomprehensible and overwhelming. Such is the case in any correctional institution. At Westfield State Hospital, where most youngsters from Franklin County are sent for "observation" when in trouble, the atmosphere is fairly clean and friendly. It is manned by social scientists who at least have some respect for freedom and dignity--and offer to these young people their sincere assistance. But even here, the power is tempting and the powerless "patients" are at its mercy. One brother told how a teacher, after having promised to keep it confidential, submitted a composition written by the young man as evidence to Judge Blassberg, who accused the young man of having a "hippy philosophy" which had to be reformed. Despite this, when compared to such a place as Lyman School, Westfield is, in the words of this young man, a "good scene."

Lyman School, on the other hand, is a far less civilized place. Reforming its inmates seems to be the last thing it is doing; punishing them seems to be its major function. It is extremely harsh, unclean, unkempt. "You take a shower in the morning to rinse off all the shit you accumulate over the night."

The inmates, all under eighteen, either attend school or have a trade: school being a facade for badgering and corporal punishment; trade being janitorial work around the reformatory. What the boys do learn is how to shoplift, and pick locks. After having spent a total of eight months at Lyman, one brother noted, "When you come out, you're worse than when you went in."

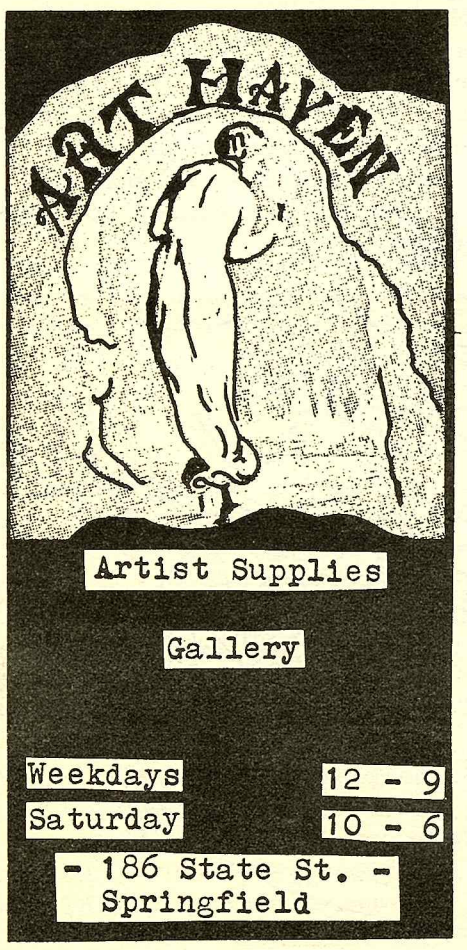
The most notorious method of punishment is the "discipline cottage." For nine days, one brother noted, he was kept indoors, spending half the day scrubbing floors on hands and knees, the other half sitting with arms crossed in silence.

Violence rules the school. "They get a kick out of beating the kids," it is said. Perversion abounds--sadistic guards and masters, sexual deviants--both among the inmates and the staff, as well as a large number of sick young men. An experience in brutality is the result of any stay at Lyman School.

The legal system does not reform, it makes itself the enemy of those who confront it. It lacks understanding and sympathy; it overflows with misused power. It is no wonder so many cannot respect law and order.

So for two young brothers--ages 16 and 14--it is the subject of much contempt, and though these two are fortunate in that they are quite bright and enterprising, they still are powerless against those who want to control their lives.

Steve Krinsky



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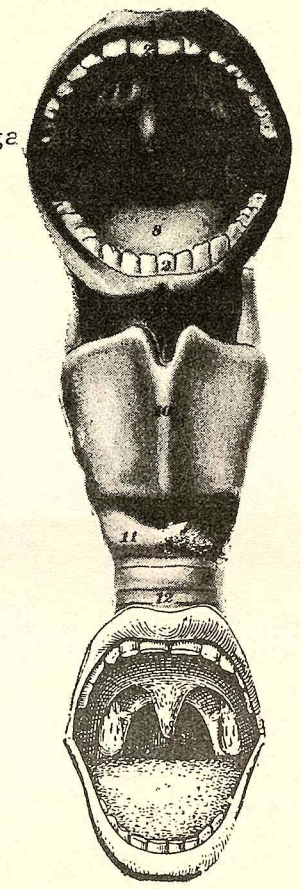
Number of Harvard Crimson fellow travelers also in jail	1
Highest Bail (Credit: WAYNE HANSEN) [Reduced to $1000 for humane reasons]	$5000
Estimated total bail bonds	$500
Estimated attorney's fees (Oteri)	$BINGO$



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cont. from p. 6

and that these defenders were told to shoot or join the rebels. Drewry also made the point that "the belle of the country" was not white Margaret, but a girl named Sarah.

Why, in 1965, should Styron allow Nat dignity, intelligence , and courage, and then, two years later, create the white racist's stereotype of a Negro who also happens to embody Styron's own racial hangups? Styron wrote in his essay of 1965 that he could find out no more about Turner. However, Styron went to Virginia after this essay and visited the place where Nat murdered Margaret. Suddenly it occurred to Styron that Nat loved Margaret--and the author made this fact. He then thought of life as it might have been in Margaret's house; he recalled a poem by Emily Dickinson which echoes the tragic white life of Margaret, not the black hell of Nat Turner:

This Quiet Dust was Gentlemen and
Ladies,
And Lads and Girls....

Styron was ready to finish his novel--without disturbing any of that quiet dust; without disturbing a single racist stereotype. In order to present his Negro he had to change history. And the white American literary establishment swallows it whole.

Allan Austin

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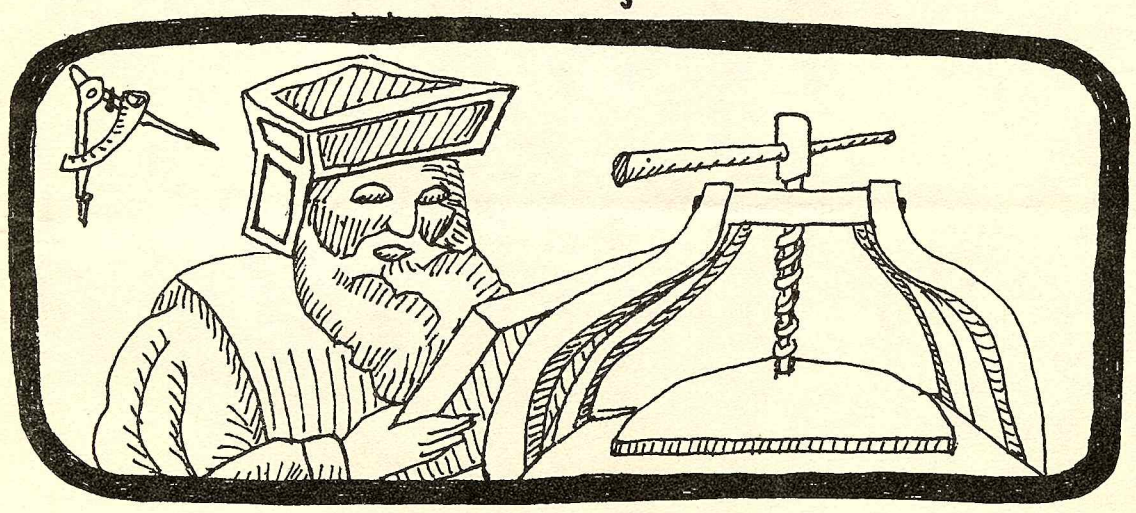

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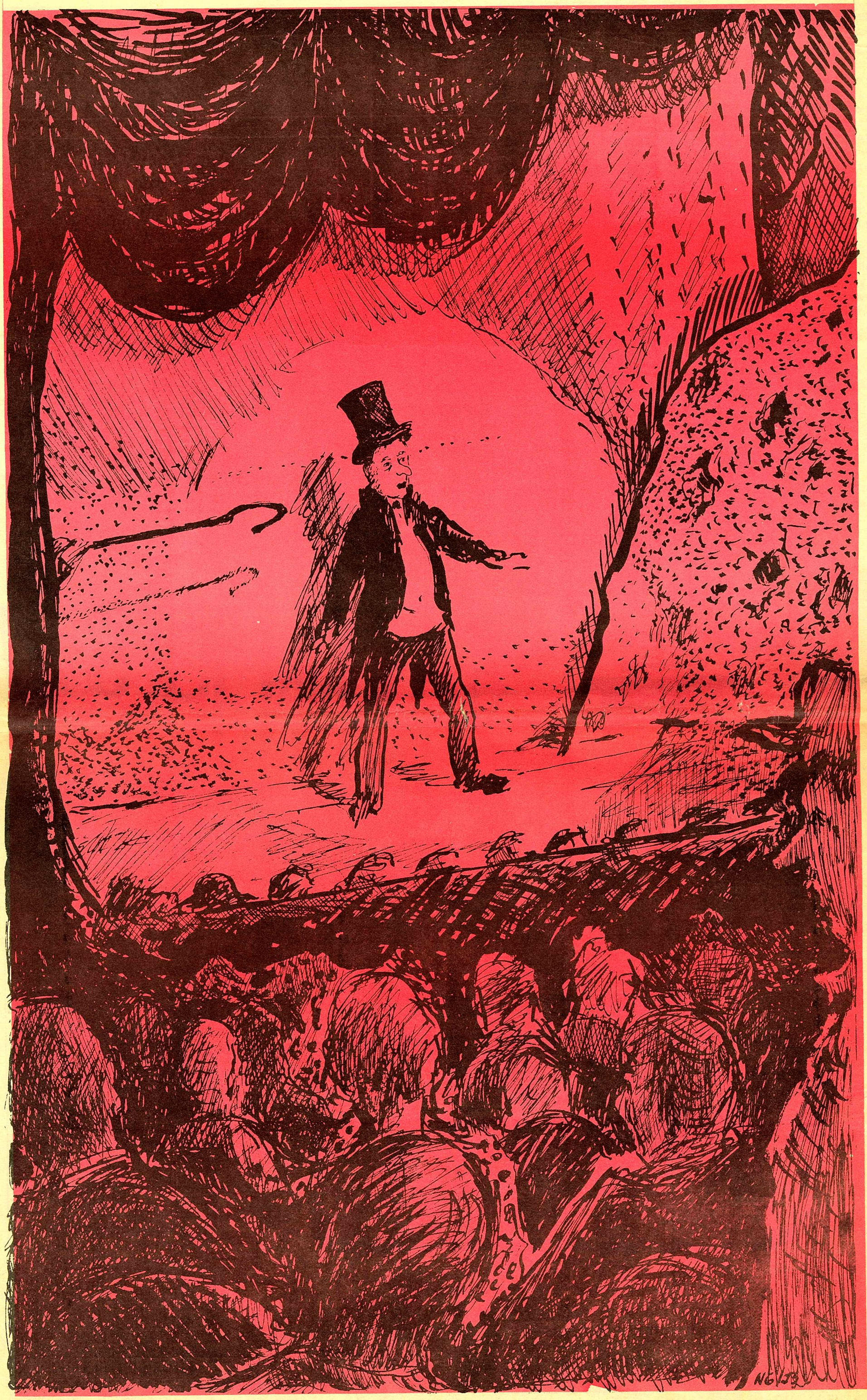
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